

PLUNGER WALTON ON FASTING

BEST CURE FOR MANY THINGS; HE'S TRIED AND KNOWS.

The Ex-Race-track Better Tells How He Emerged From Hell to Heaven—Alcohol, Tobacco and Meat Combine to Make the Former—Two Meals Enough

It was at the corner of hena, cows or fish, have tobacco or alcohol consumed about our persons and envy, hatred and malice then we are where Francis Thompson, who was ten years ago in hell. Mr. Walton, who used to be called Plunger Walton so often that some people thought that was his given name, said this much yesterday without hesitation.

His limitation of the confines of hell was only a part of what Mr. Walton had to say in the matter of fasting, health, vegetarianism, the philosophy of right living, and of temporal rewards and punishments. His interview began in a Turkish bath on Twenty-eighth street with a publisher as audience and ended on an American avenue car at the corner of Eighteenth street. Mr. Walton felt that being interviewed was an unusual experience, particularly since notices of his death have appeared in New York and Philadelphia papers within the last four or five years. He entered into the spirit of the thing with enthusiasm.

It happened that Mr. Walton was discovered on the couch in the Turkish bath and interviewed because there was an item in THE SUN yesterday from Philadelphia telling how a woman had fasted for 100 days without hurt to herself, and somebody remembered that Plunger Walton had once fasted for twenty-one days and was an enthusiast on the fasting cure at the end of his test. It was also recalled that whatever Plunger Walton did he did thoroughly. After having been Recorder of Philadelphia back in the early '70s he began to take an interest in horse racing. In 1881 he went to England and made a series of sensational raids on the bookies which brought him his sobriquet of Plunger. It was not unusual for Mr. Walton to win from one day or more that amount of money. He backed the Keene and Terrell and Foxhall and Inoué for amounts which made the English bookmakers gasp.

After he gave up the racing game Walton came to New York and became the partner of the Grand Hotel, at Broadway and Thirty-first street, and in 1881 he failed. He also managed the 881 James Hotel in this city and the Stockton Hotel at Cape May, but several years ago dropped out of active business affairs. The men who had once known him as the most daring player in the betting ring, seeing him no more, thought that he was dead. That is why it was unusual to find Plunger Walton very much alive.

"So a woman in Philadelphia has fasted a hundred days," Mr. Walton echoed as he rolled over on his couch and took a look at the clipping. "Well, that wasn't very hard. She wasn't hungry; that's all. Wait until I get my clothes on and we'll talk about it going up on the car to where I live at 622 West 114th street. Kind of a flying interview, but it will save time for both of us. I'm rather an advanced thinker on this subject of eating and not eating and I'll be glad to give you my views."

Mr. Walton got into his clothes right spry for one who has been in the street for twenty years. The interview was managed by his own interview and the question of his age will come in the place designed for it.

"For twenty-two years I suffered from rheumatism," he said after seats were found in the street car. "One day in 1890 a doctor who lived across the street from me where I was staying at the Schuyler Hotel in Forty-fifth street said to me, 'Walton, do as I say and you will get your rheumatism. Don't eat till you feel like it.'"

"That sounded easy and I didn't eat anything for twenty-one days, not a solitary morsel of food passed my lips. I just drank a glass of water every hour that I was awake and I was comfortable and happy. I once weighed 285 pounds. I weighed 246 when I began the fast and at the end of twenty-one days, when I took the spell, I weighed 200. I didn't quit fasting because I was hungry, for I never was hungry once during the whole time. I only quit because my wife felt that I was losing weight too fast."

The first thing I ate was a slice of toast. I continued taking that diet for a year for three months and then I got along on two meals a day for six months. I didn't get real hungry for a year after I stopped the fast and then I could have eaten a jackass. Now have you got that all down?"

Mr. Walton had to look at the interviewer's notes to be sure that everything was down to date. Then he said: "Now ask me why I fasted, go ahead."

The question was duly repeated. "Because fasting is the only remedy for all disease. Doctors and patients alike take medicine and they get sick just the same and die. That's because they don't fast. I think it's a disgrace to be sick. When you're sick you're practically in hell, aren't you?"

"Now, you want to know what I mean by that? Say this is going to be a good interview and I'll help you out. Ask me what I mean when I say that for twenty-two years I was in hell and the last eight years I've been in heaven."

Mr. Walton was asked what he did then.

"Well, it's this. What is hell? Alcohol, tobacco, eating corpses of hens and cows and fish, hate, revenge, envy, malice, jealousy, gluttony, the fear, thought, discontent and unappreciation. Now that's heaven! Good air, good water, eight hours sleep, a heart full of divine love, hope, faith, charity, contentment, the simple life and the golden rule. Got that all?"

The self-conducting interview was thought for a minute and then he wanted to know why he wasn't asked how old he was. The interviewer said that this had been an oversight.

"Well, ask me how old I am and put the answer down just as I give it. Now how old am I?" Answer—I'm just as old as God.

"Next question. When was I born?" Answer—The same year God was born. Next question. How long do I expect to live? Answer—As long as God lives."

The interview went over a switch in front of these notes just at that minute and there was a striking period of reflection.

"Now, you properly you ask me what I mean by this, 'Mr. Walton, command me. You do as you like, don't you?'"

"The answer I did."

"What I mean that I'm out for personal happiness, perpetual peace, and four great assets—a clear conscience, a healthy body and a heart full of divine love. Here's a picture of a waiter out of his pocket carrying a clipping from a Philadelphia paper. It told of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Walton, daughter of Mrs. Plunger Walton, to a young man."

"I remember that I am 'Plunger Walton.' Mr. Walton added with a smile as he folded the clipping back in his pocket.

"The die of overeating than of the starvation. The stomach is the great machine made by you can't expect it to work if you fill it with dirt. The corpses of animals are dirty; why then, the great secret of health is to know when and what and how to eat. Let me eat my meal about noon and the evening meal at 6:30 at night, and that is what I do. I drink nothing but clear water."

That was nearly the end of the interview. Just as the car stopped at 114th street Mr. Walton thought of something else.

"You might ask me how I came to all these ideas," he said. "Answer—Through suffering and hell."

PROTECTION

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STONYBROOK ASSEMBLY.

Prof. Jenks of Cornell to Have Charge of a Week's Symposium.

The new auditorium of the Stonybrook Assembly at Stonybrook, L. I., will be opened and dedicated on Sunday morning, July 3. This is a large building seating 1,500. The choir gallery will seat 200. The Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson, president of the assembly, will preside at this service.

The first conference of the assembly will open on the evening of July 3 and extend through July 10. Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell University will be the leader of this conference. The topic on July 3 will be "The Cost of Living," and the leading speakers will be the Hon. Du Rant Smith of South Carolina and Prof. Jenks.

On July 6 the topic will be "Child Labor," and the speakers will be Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor; Lewis W. Parker, one of the largest cotton manufacturers of South Carolina; Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Commission, and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, chairman of the National Civic Federation. On July 7 the conference will consider industrial problems, and among the speakers will be George W. Perkins.

On July 8 the problem of immigration will be discussed, and the chief speaker will be Daniel K. Keefe, United States Commissioner of Immigration. On July 9 the subject will be "The Government of Cities." Mayor Gaynor, Commissioner Wilcox and Controller Frederickson are among those invited to address this conference.

There will be a patriotic service on the morning of July 4, beginning at 11 o'clock. Special music will be rendered, several addresses delivered and the oration will be by Congressman Bernet of Manhattan.

On the evening of July 4 there will be a musical service under the direction of Robert Gaynor, organist of Christ P. E. Church, Brooklyn.

THE ABERNATHYSIGHTSEEING

Go With Their Father to Rockefeller Church and Through the East Side.

Jack Abernathy's boys, who are waiting at the Breslin until Col. Roosevelt comes home, went out to see much of New York as was visible yesterday. Through the rain they went to Mr. Rockefeller's church yesterday morning with their father and friend over night at the Breslin. Mr. Rockefeller wasn't at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church yesterday at all, but the boys had a good time nevertheless. The men and especially the women of the congregation crowded around after service to give the youngsters a welcome.

After they had had something to eat their father took them around to the Wolcott to see Gen. Benjamin L. Ferrer, who used to be a Representative from Ohio. Marshal Abernathy met the General on Saturday and he wanted the boys to meet him too.

Later in the afternoon Dr. Wainwright, the Breslin's physician, got out just about the time the boys a ride through the East Side. That was what interested them more than anything they did all day. They'd never seen so many children before in their lives.

Six-year-old Temple took a Sunday afternoon nap when he got back to the hotel, but Louis wrote a letter home, telling about the East Side. They told callers they weren't a bit tired after their ride and that New York candy was very good.

VAUTELLI AT CLIFF HAVEN.

Cardinal Accepts Invitation to Visit Catholic Summer School.

It is announced that his Eminence Cardinal Vincent Vautelli, who is to represent Pope Pius at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, is to be a visitor at the nineteenth annual session of the Catholic Summer School, which will open in two weeks at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain. The Right Rev. Mgr. McMahon, president of the summer school, has been in Rome for some time, and before leaving that city for the Passion Play at Oberammergau and a subsequent trip through Ireland he extended to Cardinal Vautelli an invitation to the summer school, which was accepted.

Other distinguished prelates, including Cardinal Gibbons, are to pay the summer school a visit, the arrangements for which under the direction of the Rev. David J. Hickey, rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church at Carroll street and Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, are now complete.

The report of the committee on lectures prepared by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., announces a series of thirty lectures by professors of the Catholic University of America. The school will be open for eleven weeks.

MAKING THE RAGMAN TO CHANT

Boston Woman Has a School for Making Street Cries Musical.

Boston, June 12.—An outdoor school for making musical ragmen, hawkers and street vendors has been established in the south end by Miss Caroline F. Wensell, a settlement worker and college graduate. Miss Wensell believes that if the voice of the ragman and the hawkers must be tolerated it should issue forth in flute-like and clarion tones of harmony.

Miss Wensell started her school by lying in wait for the hawkers and gradually convinced them that they could do more business if they created less disturbance. She has a class of three men weekly and for the last two months she has been giving vocal exercises to her students three days a week in an alleyway off Washington street.

Luncheon to Mr. Montefiore.

Claude G. Montefiore of London was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by B. B. Greenhut at his summer residence, Shadow Lawn, in West End, N. J., yesterday. There were about twenty-five guests, among them Jacob Schiff, Isidor Straus, Newman Erb, Henry Goldmann, Leopold Stern, Henry Morgenthau, the Rev. Joseph Krausko of Philadelphia and Dr. Charles Singer of London.

The Wall Street "Evening Sun."

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "bid and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are contained also in the night edition of THE EVENING SUN.

AH, DECADENT BAR, FAREWELL

ROSEY THE LAWYER RETIRES TO BUSINESS AND PINOCHLE.

The Advocate Who Brought Law to the Masses Can't for It Stand Those Twenty in a Bunch at Pinch Cases Beneath His Motto to Our Youth.

In the midst of storm some one had the temerity to mount the stand of Frank the Bootblack at Essex and Grand streets yesterday morning. The customer was known. Therefore while Frank, applying blacking with one hand, defended himself against the elements with an umbrella held in the other, the Duke of Essex Street, appearing on the customer's right began to recite the real news of the day.

"Deep mystery," stated the Duke, "surrounds the retirement of Hyman Rosenachin, known to thousands and tens of thousands as Rosey the Lawyer, from the legal profession to engage in the clothing business. Detectives—"

But the customer had departed. Shading his eyes Frank the Bootblack could just make out his fugitive friend descending the subway stairs at Canal street. Further investigation revealed the fact that the stranger had boarded a subway train while the guard was relaxed and had alighted in the course of interminable time at 145th street. From there he trailed to 227 West 141st street, where Hyman Rosenachin lives in person.

Within the tasteful apartment he calls home Rosey the Lawyer had ceased long enough from playing pinochle to say:

"It is perfectly true and I at the age of 44 will retire from the Essex bar to engage with my nephew, Charley Henis of 18-20 West Twenty-third street in the clothing, cloak and furring business."

Pressed to say why one of the most prominent leaders of the bar should retire at the height of his fame and the ripeness of his powers, Rosey shook his head and rearranged the cut glass bonbonnières on the sideboard.

"The law ain't what it was used to be," he explained with an air of disillusionment. "Born in the province of Posen, Germany, I came to this country in 1871 at the age of 25 or maybe 26. Soon I entered upon the study of the law. I ain't so old but what I well my first case remember. A lady client had fallen down stairs and had sustained infernal injuries."

"A banana skin was on the staircase. The defence sought and brought to prove that the banana skin had been placed on the stairs subsequent to her fall and not consequent to it. They dastardly claimed that she had purposely, wilfully, maliciously and irrelevantly herself dropped or caused to fall the banana skin the stairs upon."

"I succeeded after a long battle, in which at one time I had seventeen law books stacked in front of me, in introducing in evidence the fact that my client did not like bananas and therefore could not have dropped the banana skin. I won the case. It was a modest fame and ago."

"But that was a long time ago and nowadays we do not have such cases. We have these days a lot of people gathered in by the police and it is rous with them quick. The individualism, the consideration of each case at length and the reviewing of it in the various aspects is all gone. Maybe in the Supreme Court it lingers yet. But not in our lower courts."

"I was the first to introduce law for the masses. I was the first to introduce sound business principles into each case I took. Each case had my individual attention. I spared no pains. In a single case I compiled a book of 471 pages supplementing 'McGraw-Hill on Assault with Intent to Kill,' and won the case and \$71. That was maybe my largest single fee."

"But, Mr. Rosenachin, why not continue your splendid battle on behalf of justice for the people?"

"Oh, the devil," replied the elderly advocate. "I am yet getting to be an old man and I have not the spryness what once I used to hop around the Essex bar. I cannot continue the fight. I would only say, 'y' know, that there will be a reaction later. I am a Republican, yes. Certainly a tariff on cloaks and furs."

"Maybe I have made \$500,000 during my career. I shall be a silent partner in my nephew's business. I invest, he divides. The high cost of living it is a terrible thing. It is one of the things something to do with my retirement. I enter the clothing business and am assured clothes now and any profit I make that can go for food so as the high cost of living shan't get me yet. But injuries I cannot allow myself. Maybe a shower bath in the morning, followed by golf, and in the afternoon a visit to the Grand street cafe and a brisk game of pinochle. That is all. A placid existence, but one I shall love."

"The only hope for the law to-day is to get closer to the people. Each case must get individual attention. There must be no herding of trials. I go yesterday into Essex Market Court and see twenty Turkish peoples arrested in a place for noisiness and hypothetical gambling, all fined \$1 apiece in a bunch. I say to myself: Can I believe the report of my senses? Can such things be? And I feel for all the world like a flabbergasted philosopher fellow."

"Yes, for a young man to go into the law is overworked. But any young man will succeed if he will only practise my own motto, which is 'Make the most of what you have while at the same time not neglecting to take every step to get more.' That is a splendid rule which I am only glad to recommend to the youth of America and no charge; it is a favor."

OIL ROADS AND RABBITS.

South Orange Commuters Find the Secret of Preserving Their Gardens.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., June 12.—Wild rabbits which descend from the preserves of the South Mountain Park reservation have been feasting for several days in the gardens of the industrious commuters. Rabbits are not lawful prey to the hunter or to any one else at this season of the year, and the amateur gardeners have been in a quandary how to stop it. They have discovered that the gardens which are surrounded by the roads that have been oiled to keep down the dust have been immune to the invasion of the cottontails. The assumption is that the rabbits do not like to cross the oily streets.

Petitions are now in circulation throughout the Maplewood part of the township asking for oiled streets. Statistics gathered by one of the residents who is fond of figures show that thirty-six cabbage plants have been ruined beyond hope of ever heading, ninety-four lettuce plants are now worth less than so much dead grass and forty-four bean poles have been stripped of foliage.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"One of the most interesting records of travel that a minister can get hold of is a Bible that has been on a long voyage with a churchgoing seaman," said the mission superintendent. "A lot of fellows receive a new Bible before they sail. Some of them keep up their interest in religion throughout the voyage and at every port they visit one or more missions and make a note in their Bibles of the texts they heard in certain places on certain dates."

"Here is a Bible that was given to me yesterday by a Swede who just came in from a twenty-eight month trip. He made his notes in red ink. The book looks as if it had been through the wars. Certain texts were heard so often that he had to paste in an extra leaf to hold the record. John 11:1-3, was the banner text. In eighty-three ports, civilized and uncivilized, the Swede listened to that comforting message. According to his marginal notes sundry other texts dwelt at him were not so comforting. We encourage all sailors who accept our Bibles to turn them in at the mission upon their return so we can see how they kept the faith. If the men can speak well enough we invite them to relate some of their experiences, but without that the Bibles are a pretty eloquent witness to the spread of the Gospel."

One of the assistant secretaries of the Public Service Commission, walked into the office of Travis R. Whitney, the secretary, the other day and asked him if he had given to a well dressed stranger permission to dictate to one of the commission's stenographers.

"Why no," said Whitney. "Where is the man?"

So Whitney went into the stenographer's room and asked the stranger, who was sitting calmly giving dictation, how he came to be thus engaged.

"Isn't this perfectly proper?" asked the stranger. "I am from Chicago, and as I came downtown and saw your sign, 'Public Service Commission,' I thought that here was real municipal government and that I could get a number of letters off my mind. Thanks very much; I'll tell the folks out home about it."

He gathered up his finished letters and walked away.

A young examiner for an insurance company was sent up to 15 Belmont avenue the other day to look over an applicant for a policy. Not finding his man at the number given he was told that there was another 15 two blocks further up. After passing 121 he found 15 again. Instead of 123, but 125 came next. He was right in asking how it came that his client had No. 15 on his door, the owner told him he used to live at 15 Essex street, and that when he moved up here his customers could not remember the new number, so he just took it down and called it 15.

"Where were you born?" asked the clerk in the marriage license bureau in the City Hall of a male applicant.

"Sandwich," responded the applicant.

"What is your occupation?"

"Lunchman."

The book agents who try to sell books in the big office buildings downtown are continually devising schemes to get past the office boys. The latest is to drop into an office and ask to see a man who really does not exist. Usually it is Mr. Jones or Smith. The office boy, not knowing of such a man being connected with the firm, tells the book agent so, thinking to get rid of him. But the agent promptly tells the boy that perhaps he does not know the names of all the men connected with the firm and it is credited to him to ask him to come one in authority. Unless the office boy is unusually wide awake this scheme generally works and the book agent gets in to see the man he wants.

"I read in THE SUN the other day," said the head of a firm of silversmiths, "about a pitcher that had served four times as a gift. Some years ago, when I was only head of a department here I gave a silver salad fork and spoon to an old chum as a wedding present. The other day about the time of their fifteenth anniversary the wife brought it back to be cleaned, saying she had never used it. I was a little bit surprised, but I gave it to her as a professional polish."

"You can imagine my astonishment when the newly married daughter of one of our best customers brought the set in the next week, asking if it be credited to her account. She had received several salad sets and wouldn't need that one too."

"That isn't the worst of it, though. When I gave that set originally silver was 90 cents an ounce. Now, rather than 'equal' on my chum's wife I had to credit our customer at the present price, \$1.25."

If rain water has virtues as a complexion purifier there are a good many deluded persons in New York. Any kind of a rainfall, from sunshiny showers to a tempest, brings out a gleaming array of tin pans and pails. Persons who would scorn to set anything less aristocratic than a flower pot on the fire escape at any other time lose all pride in the presence of a rainstorm and set out their pans to catch a supply of water.

News of Plays and Players.

Mlle. Polaire, now at Hammerstein's, is to be starred in America after her present limited vaudeville engagements have been fulfilled. Her managers are to be Louis F. Werba and Mark A. Luescher, who are reunited as producing managers after being separated for over four years. Werba and Luescher have secured from Lawrence Marston a modernized version of "Camille," with musical accompaniment, and it is their intention to surround Polaire with a cast of English speaking players and a chorus. She will play the title part in French.

To-morrow night at the Lyric Theatre De Wolf Hopper will bid formal farewell to his famous recitation "Case at the Bar." On this occasion the Giants and the Cubs will be Mr. Hopper's guests at a special baseball performance of "A Matinee Idol."

Ziegfeld's new song "revue," "Follies of 1910," will be produced at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, to-night.

Delay on Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

Announcement was made at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church yesterday morning, where the last service until the end of September was held, that building plans on the new \$600,000 church are abandoned for the present. It had been expected to begin tearing down the old edifice early this summer and that in the fall the congregation would use the Hotel Astor ballroom. Instead services will be resumed in the old church in September. The officials yesterday predicted that it will be a year before any new plans are put into execution. The change in plans came because of the illness of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Ald.

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SHOOTS HELL GATE ON A LOG

POOH! YOU'GHT TO SEE THE PENOBSCOT, SAYS CHASE.

But When His Balancing Gist Pole Snapped the Jigger Was Glad the Coney Island Press Agent and Retinue Were Near—A Trembling Host Behind

Edward Chase, who used to drive logs on the Penobscot and Piscataquis, is the hero of this saga. Mr. Chase is lean and wiry of course and has grayish hair and used to live in Bangor, Me. Before he came to this city to give exhibitions of log riding in Steeplechase Park at Coney Island. Some one told him about Hell Gate when he was working in a sporting goods store in Brooklyn, and he said that he let her could ride it on a log and not get wet. There happened to be a press agent around who was a sport himself and he let Mr. Chase that he couldn't.

So that is why Mr. Chase and the press agent from Coney Island went down to the United States Volunteer Life Saving station at the foot of Wardell street, Astoria, yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock and were surprised to find a lot of camera men waiting them. The logger found an old log that nobody was using and got the volunteers to tow it up to Seely Rock, one of the picturesque features of Astoria.

There was quite a wait there because excursion steamers kept coming tunefully by and making waves that tossed the little fleet of boats that had gathered around Chase's party. But after a while there came a cheer from the youth of Astoria gathered on the rocks as the logger, with his spliced shoes, his eight foot pick pole and his Maine experience, jumped from the bobbing lifeboat to the slippery log.

He was right across from Ward's Island. In a moment the nasty little waves that were racing down Hell Gate had snapped the log and its rider over the heads of the spectators on the log. He just stood on one end of his log and kept his balance with the pole, hitting the water first on one side and then on the other.

Off the end of Ward's Island, in the very worst part of Hell Gate across from the Mill Rocks, are some huge dredging machines. The ominous Hog's Back a little further upstream makes the going there very risky with all the eddies that it causes. Some of the spectators on the launches that were swinging through the water with gunwales under wished for the first time in their lives that they were on

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Ticket offices at Grand Central Terminal and at the station at 125th St. are open day and night every day in the year. Principal city ticket office, 1216 Broadway, is open every day (holidays and Sundays included) from 9:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

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